



Mary keeps a paper stand,
With dainties in a row;
Though other papers may not sell,
The Journal always go.

THE JOURNAL.



PAGES 9 TO 16.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

"BLIND BILL" COOLLY TELLS OF HIS CRIME.

Answers Questions with the Air of Being Intensely Bored by It All.

Swears That the Knife with Which He Killed Barber Belonged to the Dead Man.

WAS NEVER DRUNK IN HIS LIFE.

The Trial Summarily Adjourned to Permit Judge Gildersleeve to Give His Niece Away in Marriage—Summing Up Speeches Made.

William Kenney, known throughout the East Side as "Old Blind Bill," was put on trial Tuesday for the murder of Conrad Barber, a beggar, in the lodging house No. 111 Elizabeth street, early on the morning after Christmas, 1895. It was reported that he had been drinking heavily. On the first day of the trial James F. McDonald, another blind man, picked out the knife with which the killing was done from a number of others and swore that he recognized it by touch to be the one that he had borrowed from Barber once or twice.

"Blind Bill" Kenney does not know yet why his trial was so suddenly interrupted at 1:20 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Had he been informed the facts would in all probability have added a little more to his cup of bitterness. All the evidence that the police had to offer had been presented by Assistant District Attorneys McIntyre and Oliver, Lawyer Walter Bahan for the defense had presented his side of the case, and both he and Mr. McIntyre had delivered their last words to the jury. Then when everybody stood ready to hear the Judge's charge an adjournment until this morning at 10:30 o'clock was announced.

Up at the home of Justice Gildersleeve all the arrangements were being perfected for the marriage of his niece, which had been set for 7 o'clock. The Justice had to attend the wedding and give the bride away. He had informed counsel on both sides of this fact on Tuesday and they had promised to get through with the case early yesterday morning, but they failed to do so. For that reason the court was adjourned and "Blind Bill" was led back over the Bridge of Sighs to his cell in the Tombs Prison.

Promptly at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning the trial was resumed. The court room was crowded, because all expected that the prisoner would take the stand and tell his own story of the stabbing. The spectators had to wait until the blind man's sister had taken the stand and testified before the chief actor in the trial was allowed to tell his story. Sarah Elizabeth Kenney is the only relative "Blind Bill" has. She is employed in the house No. 33 Bowery, and though she works hard every day she looks much younger than the twenty-nine years which she admitted having lived. Before being called to the witness chair she sat right behind her brother and wept continuously. She was still weeping when she took the oath to tell the truth about the case.

"BLIND BILL'S" OWN STORY.
On Christmas eve, the day before the murder, she said her brother had called on her at the house No. 33 Bowery. He remained with her and one or two other friends all that day and night. He drank very little and on Christmas night, about 9:30 o'clock, he left her house to return to his temporary quarters at No. 111 Elizabeth street. He was then sober. Assistant District Attorney McIntyre did not seem to have the heart to cross-examine her, and she was led weeping back to her chair. One of the friends referred to told a similar story, and then "Blind Bill" was called to the stand.

Captain Lynch, of the court squad, caught the prisoner by the arm, and led him to the witness chair. He dropped easily into the seat, and then resting a hand on each knee he threw his head back and awaited the questions. All his answers were given in a slow, steady voice. The only sign of nervousness exhibited was when, under cross-examination, he fingered the watch chain which adorned his vest.

In replying to questions he rarely turned his head, but directly faced his questioner. The cyclists never moved, and once when his own lawyer was asking questions "Blind Bill" intimated that he bored. Then he yawned and stretched himself, as if he wished the whole affair was over, and did not care very much what conclusion the jury reached as to his guilt or innocence.

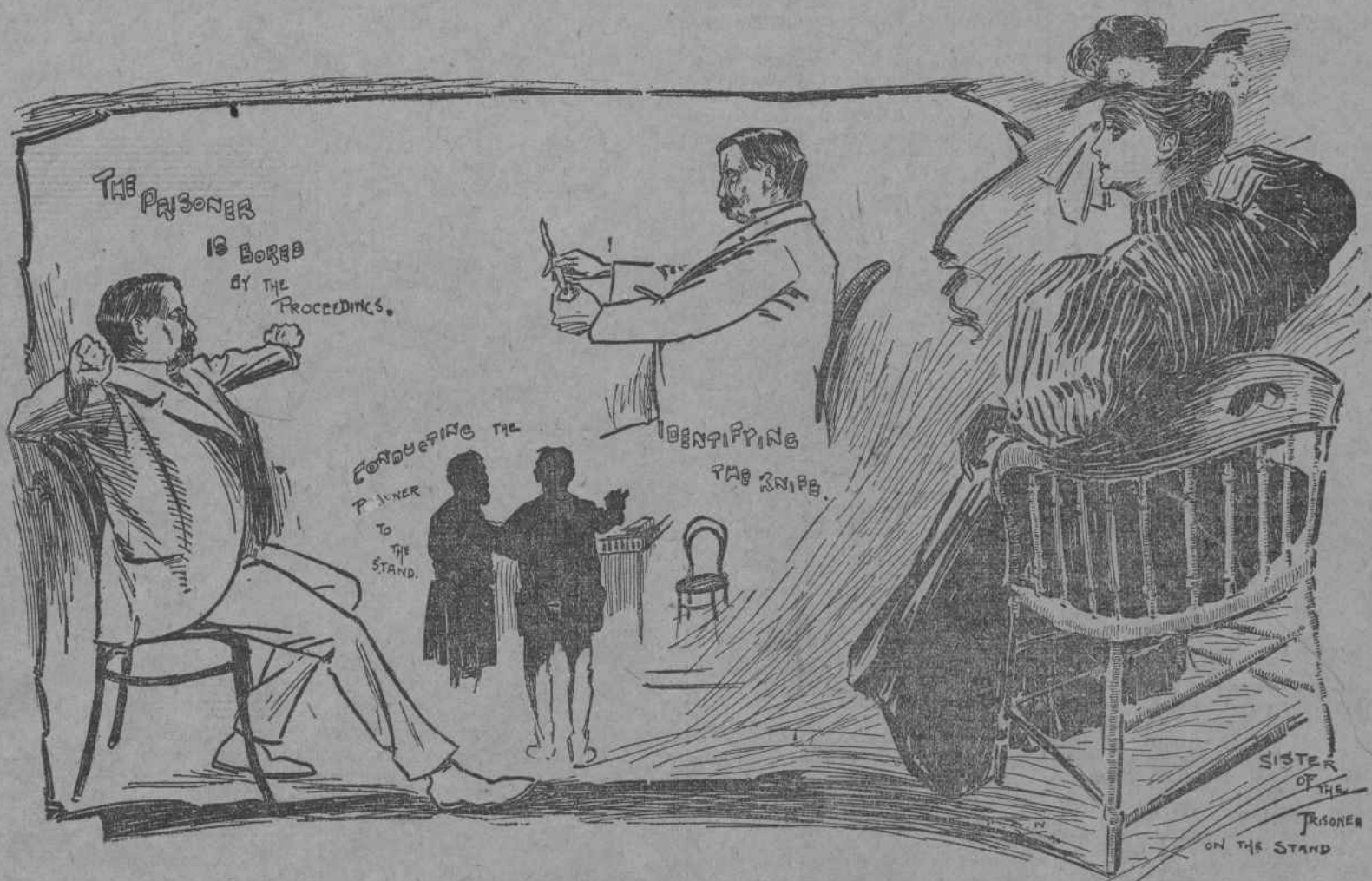
In response to the questions of Lawyer Bahan, the defendant told of his movements on the day of the murder. After going to bed he got up and went out on the landing, where he met Barber, the man who was afterward killed. Barber, he said, without the slightest provocation struck him with his open hand on the face.

"Then," "Blind Bill" continued, "I pushed him away from me, and told him not to do that any more, that it was a shame for him to strike a blind man. He came back at me again, though, and I felt a knife in his hands. He cut me twice on the hand and then we fought. In the struggle I took the knife away from him and struck out wildly. I do not know whether I hit him or the door. All I know is that he released his hold of me, and then I threw my coat over my arm and walked down stairs, where I waited for a policeman to come and arrest me."

"Was Barber's talk violent when he first spoke to you?" asked the lawyer.
"Well, I should say it was."
"What did he say to you?"

"Oh, how can I tell," answered "Blind Bill," with a bored expression. "He muttered in German, and I did not understand him."
NEVER OWNED A KNIFE.
Lawyer Bahan then put the pocketknife with which the crime had been committed into the prisoner's hand and asked if he owned it.

"No, sir," was the reply, with emphasis. "I never carried a knife in my life. It belonged to Barber."
He said further that for ten years he had never seen the light of day, and from the time of his twelfth year could only see things through a mist. He denied, as stated by other witnesses on Tuesday,



BLIND BILL AND HIS SISTER TESTIFY AT HIS TRIAL FOR KILLING CONRAD BARBER.

Sarah E. Kenney, the prisoner's sister, a rather good-looking woman, swore that her brother was sober last Christmas day, on the eve of the stabbing at No. 111 Elizabeth street. Blind Bill was self-possessed on the witness stand, and appeared to be intensely bored by the proceedings. His manner indicated that he was indifferent to the action of the jury. Kenney alleged that he snatched the knife from Barber, who had cut him, and struck out at random. He denied that he was drunk, and said he had never been intoxicated in his life.

that he had been born blind. He had never begged alms, and when asked by his sister, he was a pedler of pencils, rubbers, brushes, court plaster and other small articles. He had been sent to the Workhouse on Blackwell's Island for five days on one occasion for intoxication, but had never been intoxicated in his life.

"You see, it happened this way," he said. "It was in the Fall of 1885, and I attended a political meeting up at Fifty-first street. There were several speakers, and I got filled up with what they had to say about politics. I took about eight o'clock, and whether it was the beer, or the speeches that filled me up I do not know. I admit that I had a suddenness that night, but I was not intoxicated."

Coming down to the night of the murder, he said that on reaching the house No. 111 Elizabeth street he was invited into a room by another lodger, named Costello. The latter sent out for beer, and the prisoner drank a glass of it.

"Did you have any money on that night?" asked Mr. McIntyre. "And, if so, why did you refuse to pay for your bed in advance?"

"I had a little money, but I did not pay for the reason that the landlady has a poor memory. I have often paid her at night, and she denied receiving it in the morning."

"When the police searched you at the station house they found no money on you. How do you account for that?"

"Well, I had a watch pocket which they did not search. I had a quarter, a nickel and three cents in it."

Mr. McIntyre then produced a roll of lint which had been found on the prisoner. After the latter had identified it, the prosecutor tried to show that it had been obtained from the Roosevelt Hospital to bandage the cuts on his hands which had been made long before the murder, and which could not have been caused in the struggle with Barber. The prisoner denied all this, and claimed the lint had been obtained to bandage an ulcerated leg.

"Why didn't you live with your sister?" Mr. McIntyre asked.

CYCLISTS HELP THE PETERS FAMILY.

The Wheel Was the Cause of the Blacksmith's Business Depression.

Seventy-eight Dollars Have Been Contributed, but It's Not Enough for the Widow Has Debts.

AIDED BY SYMPATHETIC PERSONS.

Clothing for the Woman and Children and Money Taken to Their Home. Letters Received with Contributions Sent to the Journal.

The Journal	\$50.00
T. S.	5.00
Mr. N.	5.00
Myrtle Rider	5.00
Anaconda Cyclists	3.00
Twenty-eight Cyclists	2.30
"Cash"	2.00
Mr. F., College Point	1.00
A. A. L.	1.00
Hunter	1.00
P. F. L.	1.00
An Irishman	.50
Volunteer	.50
Sympathizer	.25
Florence B.	.25
J. S.	.25
P. S.	.25
F. E. G.	.10
Gum Drop	.10
Miss Bloomers	.10
H. L. Rosenbaum	.10
	\$78.50

That charity prevails has been demonstrated by the contributions to the Popular Subscription Fund which the Journal has started for the delicate widow and three little children of Edward Peters, the heroic blacksmith who dropped dead a week ago in the hallway of his tenement home, at No. 570 Baltic street, Brooklyn, exhausted from sheer starvation, because he had abstained from food that his loved ones might have something to eat. Contributions have been sent to the office by kind-hearted people.

The Journal's present of \$50 has been deposited with the cashier of the business office, where the widow may come as though it were her bank and draw from this reserve fund as she needs it. The sum of \$10 has been paid to the bereaved family and \$13 more will be sent to-day. The contributions of the generous readers of the Journal will be forwarded to her every other day to meet her immediate needs. She has four months back rent and many other debts to pay, and the expense of keeping a healthy little girl and two robust boys is no light one.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM CYCLISTS.
Cyclists have been particularly liberal in this matter. They feel in some way responsible for the misfortune of the widow and her sorrowing little ones, for the growing popularity of the wheel had much to do with the gradual falling away of Peters's once-popular horseshoeing business. This letter will give some idea of the home of the dead blacksmith:

I want to thank the Journal for publishing the account of the Peters family, in Brooklyn, in the Sunday issue. After reading the article I at once called at the residence and found one of the cleanest tenement homes I was ever in. I assisted them in a small way in money and clothing, and to-day am to secure two bright boys some underclothing, and hope to be able to assist them from time to time. It is not what I have done that I write this letter, because that alone has not been much, but the feeling of peace that comes to one after helping such a family is a great blessing and help, and for calling my attention to this opportunity to assist this family I am indeed grateful to you. Wishing you not only success in this matter, but

in all things pertaining to your excellent paper, yours, very sincerely,

G. B. B.

LETTERS FROM CONTRIBUTORS.

These letters accompanied the contributions that came to this office yesterday:

Editor Journal—Enclosed find \$5 for the Peters family from

Anaconda Mining Co.,

No. 15 Broad St., New York City.

Editor Journal—Enclosed please find \$5 for Mrs. Peters and children from

ANAACONDA CYCLISTS.

Editor Journal—Enclosed is \$2 for the family of the unfortunate blacksmith, Peters, CASH.

Editor Journal—Please credit my subscription for the Peters family—\$1.

Editor Journal—Enclosed find \$1 for the distressed Peters family.

No. 203 Hale street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor Journal—Will you please credit me one in this column for a small contribution to the Peters family? Enclosed find 50 cents from a member of the new crusade, viz.: the Volunteers.

Editor Journal—Enclosed please find 25 cents for the Peters family, and I wish I could send more.

Manhattan, N. Y.

Editor Journal—Add 25 cents for the starving blacksmith's family. My sympathy is with them.

P. F. S.

Those who desire to help this worthy and needy little flock—fatherless and without any means of support—may send their contributions to this office and the money will be handed to the widow at once. Even 10 cents will help the fund along. Do what you can.

GUILTY OF ATTEMPTED BLACKMAIL.
Jan Kabilentzky, of No. 139½ Madison street, and Barnett Stein, of No. 44 Cherry street, two Russians, were convicted in Part I. of General Session, yesterday, of an attempt at extortion and remanded by Recorder Goff for sentence. The complainants were Abraham and Morris Levy, who swore the defendants wanted to extort \$500 from them by alleging that they set fire to the house No. 232 Cherry street, on April 14, 1895, and the defendants would not tell if that sum was given them.

SPANISH RULE IS NEARLY AT AN END.

Senor Yznaga Declares the Country Cannot Long Keep Up Its War.

Finances in Such Condition That Loans Are Obtained Only with Much Difficulty.

MIGHT SELL CUBA TO THE CUBANS.

Statesmen Publicly Protest Against the Action of the Ministry, While the People Complain of the Slaughter of Troops.

That Spain cannot much longer continue its war in Cuba is the statement made by Felix Yznaga, who has just arrived in this city, after spending eight months in Madrid, where he discussed the situation with the leading Spanish statesmen.

Senor Yznaga, who is a cousin of the Duchess of Manchester, comes from one of the leading families in Cuba, and has been prominent in the island as a jurist and political writer. He is stopping at the Hotel America, and yesterday spoke freely of the state of affairs in Spain.

"The methods adopted by the Spanish Government to crush the revolution in Cuba are not approved by the Spanish people," said Senor Yznaga. "The people would rather see the war abandoned than prosecuted at such cost of life and destruction of property. They are indignant at the United States, as was shown by the recent demonstrations in Madrid and Barcelona."

A new club is being planned to represent those engaged in the transportation business. It is to be called the Transportation Club, and Chauncey M. Depew is to be President. The club, it is planned, will occupy the fourteenth story of the New Manhattan Hotel.

Dr. Depew Joins Another Club.
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It was found yesterday, after investigation, that the Friesland had sustained no damage. It was found, too, that the Bellardens' injuries were slighter than had been at first thought. The force of the shock knocked several bolts out of the Bellardens, thereby opening her seams so that the water rushed into her hold. There were several holes, but none of them were large. It was said at the office of the Lamport & Holt Company that the damage, including the cost of floating the Bellardens, would not exceed \$10,000.

No investigation has yet been undertaken to ascertain who was at fault in the collision, though one will follow, as the Lamport & Holt Company, her owners, will libel the Friesland for damages.



DIVERS AT WORK AT THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP BELLARDEN.

Divers were at work all Tuesday night and all day yesterday on the British freight steamship Bellardens, which had been beached at Stapleton, S. I., to save her from sinking after her collision, late Tuesday afternoon, with the Red Star liner Friesland. They succeeded in patching up the holes in her hull, so that she will remain comparatively watertight for a time. Pumps were put to work to empty the hold, and the cargo, consisting of oil and general merchandise, was transferred to lighters. She will probably not be hoisted so that she can be docked for repairs until to-morrow afternoon.

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BLOODHOUNDS ON TRAIL OF ASSASSINS.

Editor Brown Shot Five Times for Attacking a Political Ring.

Was Entering His Yard When Concealed Assassins Began Firing, Bringing Him Low.

THINKS HE KNOWS THE MEN.

Chattanooga Citizens Condemn the Act, and Lynching is Threatened if the Culprits Are Caught—Wounded Man Slowly Sinking.

Chattanooga, Tenn., April 8.—News of one of the most cowardly attempts at assassination in the history of East Tennessee reached here to-day from Dayton, A. N. Brown, editor of the Dayton Leader, was fired upon by unknown parties who were concealed in his woodshed.

As he was entering his yard at 10:30 last night, two men stepped from the shed and fired five shots at him, the first bullet entering his left leg below the knee and passing through into the right leg, where it is still imbedded.

When the bullet struck him Mr. Brown turned and started across the yard to a side gate and had just reached the outside when another bullet struck him in the back and lodged under the right armpit. The wounded man then dropped to the ground. Seeing him fall, the would-be assassins ceased firing for half a minute and then fired two more shots and left their man for dead. As soon as they departed Mr. Brown dragged himself to the door, where his wife met him and assisted him in the house. He suffered the most excruciating pain until the arrival of the doctors shortly after daylight, when they extracted the bullet from his right side. Since the operation was performed he has been sinking rapidly.

FEARLESS ATTACKS CAUSED T.
Mr. Brown thinks the attack on him was the result of the vigorous manner in which he fought the political ring through his paper in Rhea County. He was a strong and fearless writer and his life has been threatened by several of the officials of the county on account of his editorials denouncing the manner in which the county affairs have been handled. On one occasion his entire printing office was wrecked by his political enemies and since then it is said they have been on guard.

priority to a... valued at \$5,000, was entered last night, and its type and equipment were demolished, scattered through the town and his made-up "forms" mixed and scattered.

The injured man's statement is as follows: "I was coming home shortly after ten o'clock and had been on the lookout for those people who would resort to anything, but I did not expect them to secrete themselves in my yard. I attribute the affair to my victory over them through the courts and through my paper. They have been trying to break me up for a long time, and finding they could not do this, they hired somebody to kill me."

THINKS HE KNOWS ASSASSINS.
I feel satisfied as to who hired it done, for they began firing just as I was climbing over the fence to cross the yard to the door."

The officers of Rhea County have up to this time failed to make an arrest and ten Chattanooga bloodhounds have been put on the trail of the murderers. It is rumored that two negroes were hired to kill Mr. Brown.

The unfortunate man can give no description of his would-be assassins, and they will perhaps escape arrest. The affair is condemned by the people in general of Rhea County, and should the culprits be arrested, they will be lynched at once. Brown was at one time editor of the Chattanooga Press. He is well known throughout the State.

FATHER FINDS HIS CHILD.

He Has Sought for Little Mario Over Two Years, Since the Mother Elope.

Francesca Lombardi was a dashing horseback equestrienne in a circus in Naples four years ago, but one day she left a common law husband and eloped with Vincenzo Di Blascogio. The pair came to America and became a part of the "Greatest Show on Earth," and in the Winter made Bridgeport, Conn., their home.

On February 7, 1894, she again eloped, from Bridgeport, taking with her year-old and half-old daughter, Mario. The man of this time was Luigi Nero, also a performer. The deserted husband followed to New York in the hope of regaining the child.

His search was rewarded Tuesday, and he located the missing wife and child living with Nero at No. 74 Baxter street. Yesterday morning, with a Gerry agent, he went for the child. The mother saw them coming and fled, but Mario, who is a pretty little girl of three and a half years, was found. In the Centre Street Court Magistrate Mott committed the child to the society's care while the father's story is investigated.

BURIED MUNITIONS CAPTURED.

They Are Believed to Be the Property of Cuban Filibusters.

Nassau, N. P., April 8.—The British warship Pelican has arrived here with 300 rifles, 200,000 cartridges and a quantity of other property, all of which was found last Sunday buried beneath the sand on the beach of Cay Sal.

The members of the Cuban Junta, in New York City, stated yesterday in regard to the above dispatch that they knew nothing about the discovery by the Pelican on the beach of Cay Sal, which is one of the islands at the southern end of the Bermuda and only fifty miles from Santa Clara Province, Cuba.

One prominent Cuban in this city said that he believed that some Cuban patriot had set out to get his hands on the arms, and that he would be arrested by the British authorities.